The Bystander, September 5, 1917.—No. 718. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER

THE EMPEROR CARL: "I wish I knew how to drive this infernal fellow away—he gives me absolutely no rest at all!"

Bystander War Comments

The Food Controller's Orders

Lord Rhondda took some time to consider his campaign, but now that he has got going he is going strong. Meat, butter, and cheese orders are now in force, and the regulations fix not only maximum wholesale and retail prices for these foods, but require the exhibition by the retailer in his shop of a statement of his prices. This is really what the public wants; that the price of Cheddar is 132*s.* a cwt. is not of nearly so much interest to the housekeeper as to know exactly what she ought to be paying for half a pound of it.

"Famines and Ruin"

The "dealers" in these commodities—otherwise, the middlemen between the producers and the retailers—are naturally complaining, as they see their inflated profits being torn away from them. They also utter the most dismal prophecies of famines and ruined businesses—the latter, presumably, their own. Cheer up, Mr. Profiteer; surely you've put by just a little cash this last three years to tide you through these hard times! Personally, I shall be quite surprised if I find columns of you in the *Gazette*, filing your petitions in bankruptcy. But even if I do I shall shed not one single sympathetic tear.

The Nelson Touch

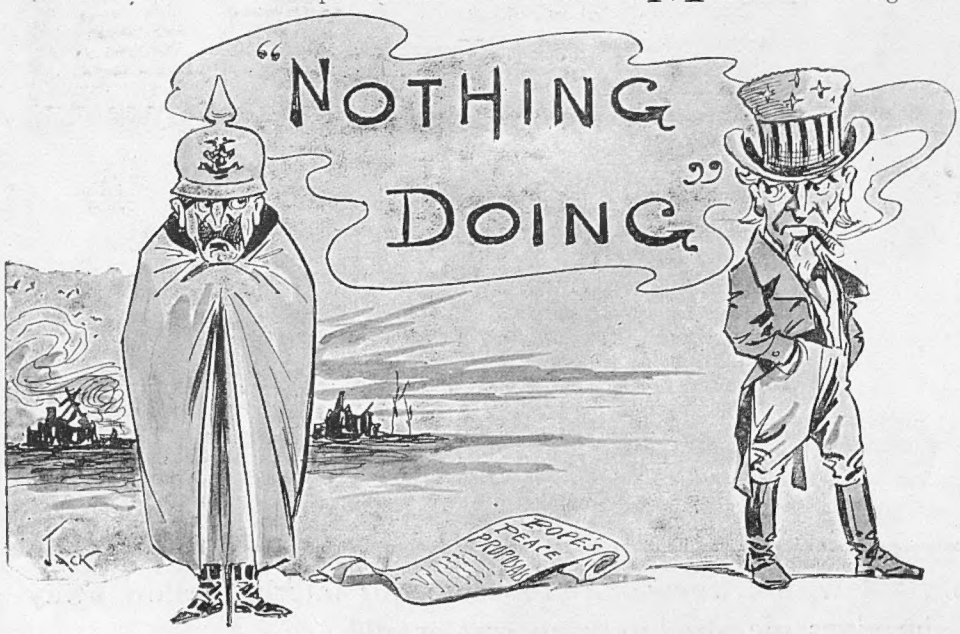
"Seek out the enemy and destroy him" is an injunction that the Royal Navy still does its best to fulfil whenever occasion offers; and the little affair off Jutland last week-end, when "some of our light forces" neatly rounded up four German minesweepers at their work, drove them ashore, and quickly pounded them to bits, comes as a timely reminder to the few (in England) who still grumble that the Navy isn't "doing" anything, and to the many (in Germany) who still believe that our ships dare not venture more than a few miles from our own coasts. With a praiseworthy discretion, "great numbers of German warships and aeroplanes" turned up on the scene of the disaster the next day; and their seamanship appears to have been on a par with their punctuality, for the men they tried to send on shore either did not get there owing to their boats overturning or came to the conclusion that they would be safer on land with the few survivors of the minesweepers, and did not try to rejoin their ships. You see, there was a heavy sea running, and the crews of German warships have not been accustomed to heavy seas for quite a long time.

The Wrong Man

Germany must be getting to her last gasp, since it is obvious that the sub-editors of most of the papers have been called away to the front, leaving only *ersatz* journalists, to whom the "Almanach de Gotha" and kindred works of reference are not at all as an open book. Last week Earl Grey died, with the result that the German papers mostly published long and vituperative obituary notices of Viscount Grey of Fallodon, who, as Sir Edward Grey, endeavoured, but in vain, in 1914 to make Foreign Secretarying as peaceful work as his favourite fishing. The strange chances of war offer quite exceptional opportunities for reading your own obituary notices; but for Viscount Grey of Fallodon the edge of this enjoyment has probably long since been blunted, since the Germans' rage at what they were pleased to consider the tortuous duplicity of his diplomacy found full vent long ago, and left them almost bankrupt of the fresh vituperation they would have wished to pile upon his grave.

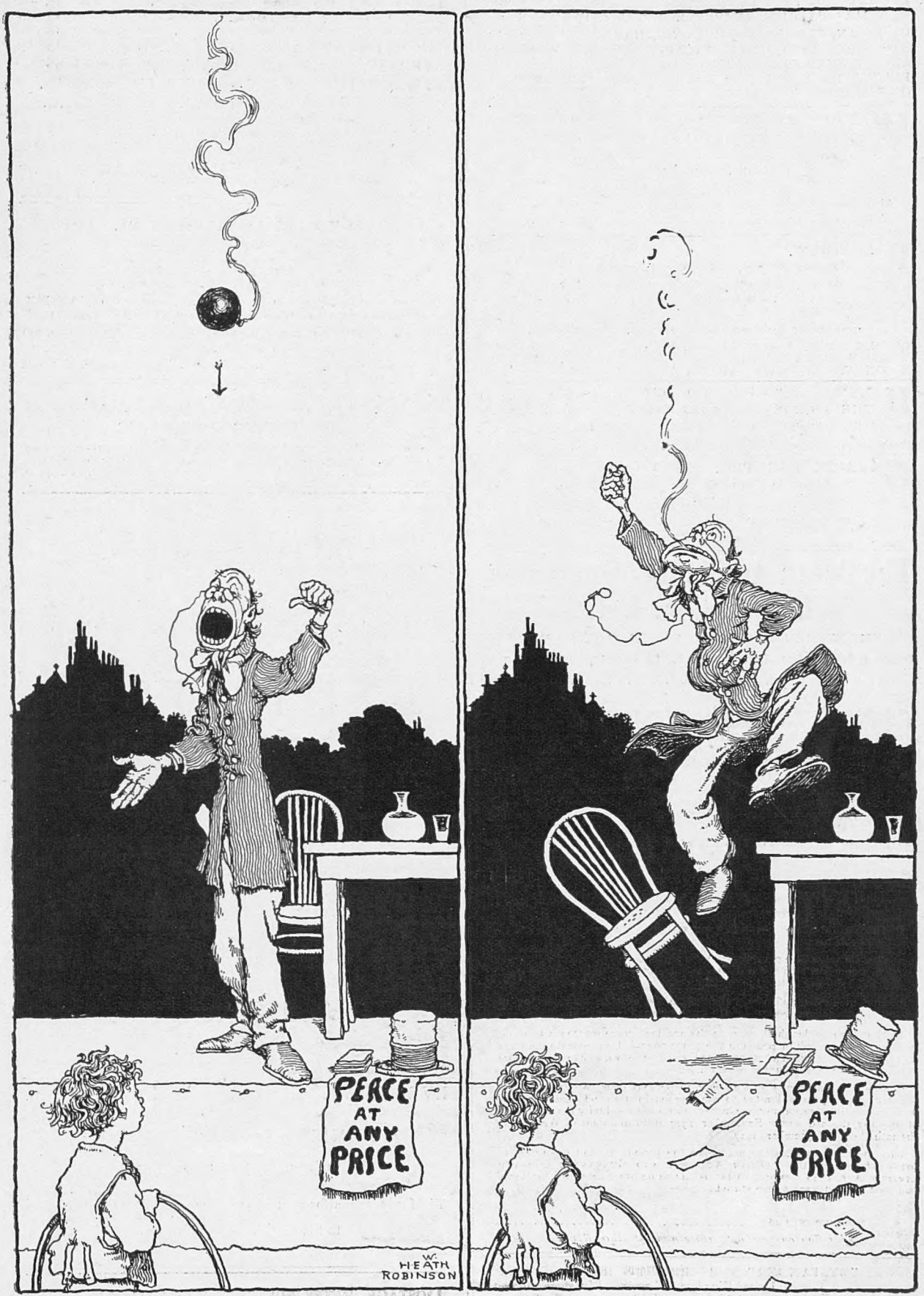
And What About "Lord's"?

Many thousands of that "Surrey crowd" that used to throng the Oval on August Bank Holidays to witness their beloved county giving Notts beans must have heard with an incredulous horror that their sacred and historic pitch has been "commandeered by the Government" for a purpose not yet stated. But they will, at any rate, confess that there is no longer any point in the sneer that in England we don't know that there is a war on. And if there is truth in the old (and mythical) saying that battles are won on playing-



(*Continued on page 431*)

The Persuading of the Pacifist



—Even more unpleasant than swallowing his own words

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

fields there should be the happiest augury of victory when London's most historic playing-field is turned into a billeting-ground for Bellona. But, for their peace of mind, let us hope that the shades of Lohmann and Tom Richardson, Jack Shuter and Walter Read, and many another giant of the past do not now revisit the scene of their triumphs. Yet, if England's England still, it may not be so very long before the crowds again throng the turnstiles, and excessively antique gentlemen in the pavilion point out to the younger generation the exact spot where G. F. Grace stood when he caught Bonnor off the loftiest and nightiest hit that even that Australian giant ever achieved.

AMONGST THE OISE RUINS

Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor, on a tour of inspection in France are seen amongst the ruins of the church at Lassigny

The Battle of the Bread

All food questions being of absorbing interest, the battle of the rival stores over the price of bread was amusing to the public, pleasant to their customers, a terrible trial to neighbouring bakers, and possibly a means of reducing the amount to be paid as excess profits tax by their shareholders. Everybody had got so accustomed to paying elevenpence or a shilling for the quartern loaf that the announcement of the ninepenny loaf rang like a trumpet call through the Royal Borough of Kensington, only to fade into a diminuendo at the counter-blast of the eightpenny loaf from Bayswater to Bloomsbury. But perhaps the most delicious thing about the battle of the bread was the naïve confession of the managers of the rival concerns that it was precisely the same bread which they had previously been selling at a shilling! Which may give food for thought (if not for the larder) long after the last "competition" loaf has been handed over the counter, and bread returns to the price beloved of the profiteer and meekly paid by the public.

"What Do You Think of Your M.P.?"

While Pacifist M.P.'s are sitting in secret Socialistic conclave to settle the world's affairs, it is just as well that, if they are not too closely wrapped up in their own affairs to read the papers, they should know what their own constituents think about them and their pernicious activities. With a happy acumen the *Daily Graphic* has chosen this very apt moment for enlightening them by publishing a most interesting series of articles, giving in detail the opinion of all sorts and conditions of the men who are misrepresented in Parliament by Messrs. Snowden, Macdonald, Morrell, and Co. "What do you think of your M.P.?" is the question that the *Daily Graphic* Special Commissioner has asked; and the unanimity of the reply that voters of all shades of opinion are only longing for an opportunity to say "good-bye" to the Pacifists, while not remarkable to Englishmen, may possibly have a good effect abroad, where the publicity given to the opinions of "the British Minority" naturally gains from its members being, in name, representative of large working-class constituencies. I hope they read the *Daily Graphic* in Stockholm.

"SECRET DIPLOMACY" (?)

The Labour Leaders and Socialists at the Inter-Allied Peace Conference held "behind closed doors." French, Belgian, and British members were present, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., presided

The Camera in Society

Photograph *Yevonde*

MISS ANNE POLLOCK

A charming portrait of whom we reproduce, is engaged to be married to Captain Cyril Asquith, son of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

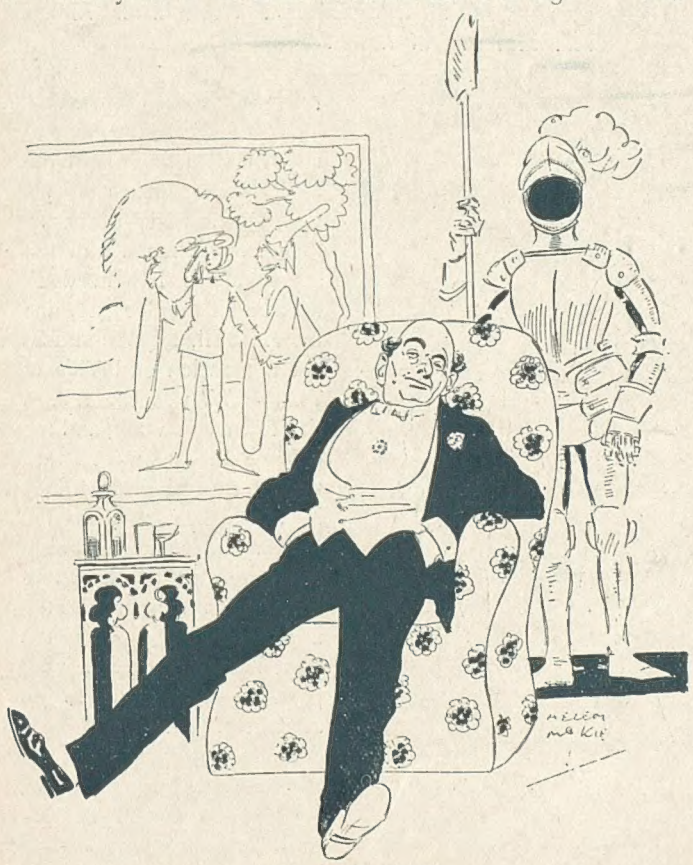
LONDON, *September* 3, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

THE domination of the profiteer—that acutest of war's unpleasantnesses—is getting worse and worse here in England now. And you'd really think the Government, instead of being there to save us from them, was positively on their side. Anyway, though the Navy spends its days and nights shepherding the food ships in, and the Hun submarine campaign (we've got the P.M.'s word for it) has turned out a dud, prices still go up and up, and after three years of war it costs—just to keep alive—three times as much as it used to.

WE'RE all toads under the harrow of a well-meaning Government, as someone's put it. But we could just grin and bear it if we could only persuade ourselves that the harvest of the harrowing helped to win the war, or, anyway, went into the national granary. What really happens, though, is that it merely rakes in a lovely crop of Bradburys for the profiteer, whose profits since war began have left thousands of miles behind their peace-time dreams of avarice—and *they* weren't any too modest!

OH to be a grocer, or a milkman, or a butcher, or a baker, or a candlestickmaker, or *anything* of that sort now that war is here! Some of them, they say, have made enough out of the wretched public in these last three years never to sand another ounce of sugar again, and to live the rest of their honourable and patriotic lives, if they want to, tanked to the wide, opulently oiled, and beautifully blotto on the best Bollinger in ancient manor-houses, or Mayfair flats, or historic Scottish castles, moats, dungeons, battlements, portcullises, pipers, porridge, tartans, armour, tapestries, painted ancestors, etc., etc., all complete.



"Opulently oiled."

BUT the cream of the joke is the latest phase of all under which we mere bill-paying toad things—

> Unprofitably
> Travelling towards the grave,

might as well die off quick and be done with it. They've been and gone and appointed as our new local food controllers—who *do* you think? Why, the profiteers themselves, the food dealers, wholesale and retail! Rather thought we'd reached the limit, but really *that* rings the bell, doesn't it? Can see 'em controlling prices—can't you?—so's they shan't get more than a modest little profit of 500 per cent. or so for their own official selves!

"Not such a soft job as some think"

AS for the rest of us, as the song says:

> We don't get much money,
> But we do see life,

Which reminds me, never been such a holiday month, they say, as this August of 1917, if there is a war. Seaside places crammed to bursting, the inhabitants fairly turning money away; country houses letting like smoke; and as for the river. . . . Maidenhead and thereabouts dotted thicker than ever with tempy. millionaires, musical comedy, munitioneer, and other varieties; and nearer town, at Richmond, Hampton Court, Kingston, and the rest, avalanches of week-end war-pleasurers, conscientiously circulating war-wages to the great and bewildering gain of the local joymongers and food-purveyors.

AND now that September's come Society, too, it seems, isn't *entirely* neglecting, for "war-work," the autumn charms of Caledonia

(*Continued on page 434*)

stern and wild. There aren't any "games," of course, and great house-parties in the Highlands are off for several reasons, not the least of which are the petrol and servant shortages, though even of these "Society" still has a sufficiency, needless to say. But there's fish in the rivers still and grouse on the moors and deer on the hills, and always, when it doesn't rain or snow, that divine background of soft blue misty hills, and purple heather and golden gorse, silvery streams, and woods shading from faint green to the dark depths of the fir.

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS, to the really *best* lairds and things, I suppose, it won't much matter—that state of democratic kinglessness foretold for Europe during the next decade or so. Wasn't it Macdonald of the Isles, at a gathering of the Highland Clans, who, when criticised for not uncovering in the presence of his Sovereign, said that "the people made kings but only God Almighty made a chief!"

"One of the really best lairds"

⁂ ⁂

INDEED, though Queen Victoria, with her devotion to Balmoral, practically created the autumn-in-Scotland vogue, neither that nor any slavish loyalty to mere monarchs could override for the natives their deep-seated traditions. Once, they say, when she was staying at an hotel on one of the lochs she ordered a boat to be in readiness to take her out on Sunday. The reply came that the boatmen were at the Queen's service all the week, but on the Sabbath they were in the service of the King of Kings.

⁂ ⁂

IN town one of the busiest theatre seasons on record ushers in the fourth winter of war. Since the National Service idea faded away there's no more nonsense, of course, about all hands to the plough, and we've clean forgotten Ministers' remarks about winning the war only if every man, woman, and child does a bit to help; and quite a back number, too, all the chat about economy and Spartan simplicity, and all that sort of thing, that even theatre-managers joined in for a month or two. It's positively the lavishest, the very latest revue, at which, by the way, some of the jokes. . . . Well, perhaps it's rather a good thing fans are in fashion again.

"Society isn't entirely neglecting Caledonia"

BUT there, the taste of the moment in jokes! Even the war's one of them! If we're a nation that takes its pleasures sadly we're also, of a truth, one that manages somehow to treat its tragedies with the most amazing cheeriness. As you know, even *comédiennes* at the music-halls sing their ragtime songs clad in every detail exactly as our battle-fighters are, and even in the most drawing-roomy plays it's become quite a convention that the (in private life) thoroughly civilian hero—doubtless over age or medically unfit—should speak his lines in that same honourable livery in which men every day go forth to "battle, murder, and sudden death." No *law* against it, I suppose, but for some of us so often there are bloodstains on the khaki:

Around me, when I wake or sleep,
Men strange to me their vigils keep,
And some mere boys but yesterday
Upon the village green at play,
Their faces I shall never know;
Like sentinels they come and go;
In grateful love I bow the knee
For nameless men who die for me.

⁂ ⁂

NOT that anyone wants, of course, to rule war-humour out altogether or bar the nice little Blighty jokes that khaki loves. Like, for instance, that one at the Royalty about the girl who was asked what war-work she was doing. "Oh, just taking soldiers about. If they're officers we take 'em to musical comedy, you know. If they're men—well, Shakespeare and Westminster Abbey, and that sort of thing!"

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of women war-workers, the most remarkable thing about our new Empire honours list was the number of names it left out, though I'm not saying those left in don't deserve all they've got, and more. Still, *why* So-and-So got a mention and This or That *didn't* was the talk of the town last week, and the only solution was that there's a good deal of luck in it, same as with the military honours. And also, of course, just a *soupçon* of that push which, even under a war-time *régime*, is the most necessary card in your pack—if you want to *get* anywhere, that is.

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS, why nothing, not even an M.B.E., for that gallant war-worker, the Censor of plays and

(*Continued on page 436*)

Some Women Who Don't—No. 5

WINNIE OF WHITEHALL

things? Surely there should have been some recognition of his last heroic act in the public interest which was the pasting of a broad band right across the new Wolmark posters on the tubes and places of that delightfully, but, oh! so innocently, lus ious production, *Three Weeks*.

卐 卐

WHERE, by the way—apart from the morals, which surely in these days are redeemed from all serious stigma by the fact that there's a war infant in the offing (the heroine calls it "a beautiful dream," but a lady in the gallery the night I was there *would* refer to it in a loud voice as "the byby")—there's to be seen some of the very loveliest stage pictures in all London. The Venetian scene, dinner *à deux* on the Grand Canal, is the goods; and not even the strictest gallery moralist could seriously have expected even for a moment that any man, much less a nice young thing just from Eton, would ever be able to resist the lure of those frocks, those collars, or that queenly way of doing your hair. Mere waste of precious time—and he only had three weeks.

卐 卐

GOING in off the deep end reminds me. "How is it, dear Blanche," writes a K.B. flying man, "that in your weekly letter, which we all love, you never mention the boys that go up in kite balloons and come down in parachutes. Aeroplane pilots rather look down on us, you know, but really it's not such a soft job as some people think it is."

卐 卐

WHAT *cheek* of them, dearest "Balloonatic!" But, there, it's a way they have, isn't it, to look down on people and things? Part of their job, in fact. To make up, though—well, think how *we* look up to you! And if anyone thinks yours a soft job it isn't *me*. Indeed, I've yet to hear of a *real* soft job out there, compared with any we do here, anyway. Even the softest are carried on in dirt and discomfort such as we can hardly even guess at.

卐 卐

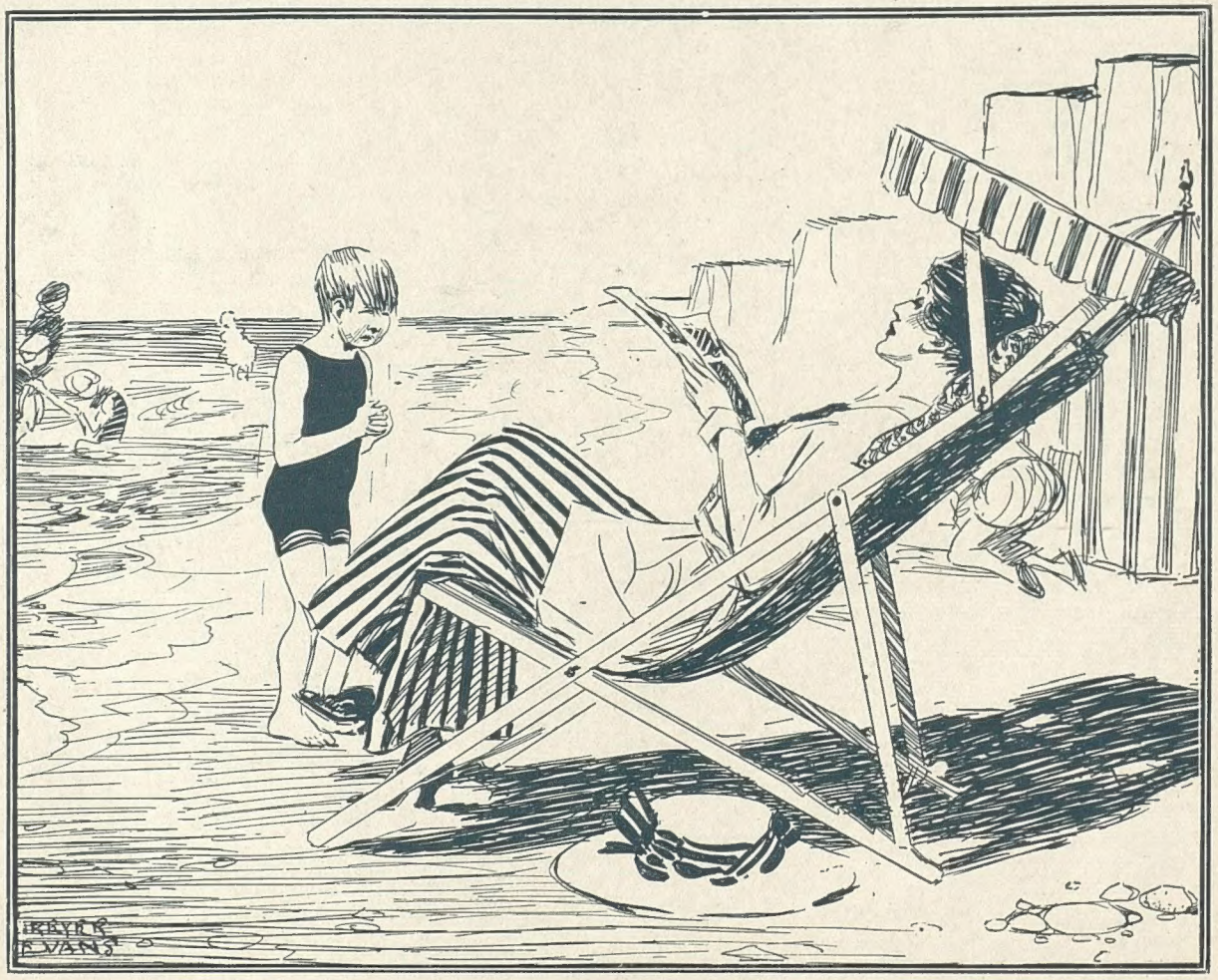
FOR one thing, it's generally mud everywhere, and, as "Sapper" says, the whole ground is one huge hole. "Holes are the only feature of the landscape, big holes, little holes, damp ones, smelly ones—the whole country looks like a disease; and that part of the ground which is not hole is carried, like the unexpended portion of the day's ration, on the person. . . . not by boot only, but by hand and face, by hair and teeth."

卐 卐

AND that's not the worst of it by streets. And *we* get peevish and grouse 'cos they've taken off some of the expresses and we mayn't whistle for a taxi when it rains. Funny world!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



THOSE SUBMARINES AGAIN!

SMALL BOY: "Mother—it wasn't two thousand tons of sugar sunk last week—it was salt!"

All That Remains

(*Canadian Official Photograph*)

ONE OF THE CANADIANS' CAPTURES

The village of La Coulotte—or, rather, all that is left of it

(*French Official Photograph*)

ON THE FLANDERS BATTLEFIELD NEAR YPRES

This picture is of special interest as showing the use of carefully laid branches of trees to form a roadway—the only effective means of preventing traffic sinking into the unplumbable depths of Flanders mud

M. le Marquis

"THIS is a good place to rest in," said Stephen. "As I lie here I feel the years roll from me. Have you ever tried to count the shades of green in a tree? I've just counted eleven, but I'm sure there must be lots more."

We were sitting in a clearing in the wood. It was, as Stephen said, a peaceful spot.

"Where's Slip?" I asked; "he disappeared after breakfast."

"Gone over to the *château*," said Stephen, pointing with his pipe to where a heap of grey stones was just visible. "To study demolitions, I suppose; it's a good example. It always reminds me of the houses I used to build with bricks on the nursery floor, and how I used to love pulling away the foundations and watching the whole place topple and fall with a crash."

I thought of the grey-haired old man I had seen walking amongst the ruins with our interpreter, a little bent figure leaning on an ivory-handled stick.

"The Marquis was here yesterday," I said; "he went back to Paris last night."

"Yes," said Stephen. "When I saw him I felt like the man in Kipling's poem who sent his old *sahib* the head of the border thief in a box. Do you think the old man would care for a couple of Boche heads nicely mounted? One might arrange something."

"I don't think so," I said. "He's like Henry I., he'll never smile again."

"Here's Slip," said Stephen. "He looks very happy. What's in the sack?"

Slip came up the winding path at a pace that was almost a run. He placed his burden reverently on the ground. "Books," he said; "oh, glory, such wonderful books, nearly all first editions, look!" He dived into the sack and produced a tattered tome. "*Points Obscurs de la Vie de Molière*," he read. "Oh, that I should have lived to see this day!"

"How did you get them?" Stephen asked.

"I was poking about in the ruins, and saw the cover of a book sticking out, so I pulled away a big stone, and there were scores of them all mixed up with the rubble. I'm going back there this afternoon." And he disappeared into his tent.

"War is very demoralising," said Stephen, dreamily. "Three years ago Slip was a nice, quiet, peace-loving lad, and now he's little better than a ghoul. And young Mason is affected, too. He certainly drinks too much. You remember the night before last, when 'Percy' sent a few shells over. One fell in the lake with a noise like a cork being drawn. Young Mason stirred in his sleep, and murmured, 'Well, if you'll excuse me, I think I will change my mind.'"

Slip was very excited all day. The afternoon visit to the *château* had proved a great success, and the interior of his tent resembled a second-hand book-shop.

At dinner he was called away in the middle of an address on French literature, which he was delivering to five bored brother-officers. I could see a police corporal cutting down thistles with his cane. He was evidently nervous. "I've come about the chatoo, sir," he said to Slip; "the old lord was here yesterday, sir, 'aving a look round, and before 'e went 'e told the Colonel 'ow 'e 'ad a lot of books once, and that maybe some was under the ruins if the Boches 'adn't taken 'em all. and the Colonel he told the orderly officer that nothing was to be took out of the ruins, and the orderly officer he told me, and, sir," he said, looking more and more uncomfortable as the recital continued, "I seen you looking over the ruins, and one of my men seen your servant carrying a sack up the road—and—I thought you might be able to 'elp me, sir," he ended in desperation.

I could not hear what followed, but Slip was a sad man when he returned to the mess.

"It's difficult to believe," he said, "but I assure you that it never occurred to me that I was robbing the old man."

"War is so dreadfully demoralising," said Stephen.

A few days later a large box of books was dispatched to the Marquis in Paris, and Slip always says that his heart went with them. But he still keeps a letter full of graceful thanks. He says it will interest his children when they are old enough to read it.

J. P. R.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

FRIEND: "Hello! old boy—just got you in time. Where are you going?"
ARTIST *(about to call on a few editors)*: "Over the top!"

The Growth of Democracy

PASSED BY CENSOR

COLONEL SIR VALTRAVERS PLANTAGENET GLADLY ACCEPTS A LIGHT, DURING A SLIGHT LULL IN A BARRAGE, FROM A PRIVATE IN THE BENIN RIFLES

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A Flying Start

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

EVEN if we win the war—and our victory is now said to be a mathematical certainty—we shall, according to the aeronautical experts, have lost it, because Germany will still have her Zeppelins to give her, as it were, a flying start in the future race for trade. As an engine of war the Zeppelin wasn't much to boast about. It could do a good deal of unnecessary mischief, and, as I saw myself on one occasion, it made quite a bonfire when somebody dropped a lighted match on it. But it is with the future of the Zeppelin as a merchant airship that we as a commercial Empire are concerned. In every new edition of her altered and revised peace terms Germany has always insisted on the freedom of the seas; but as to the freedom of the air, Germany is discreetly silent. The air is her newest colony.

❀

THE aeronautical experts, therefore, rise as one man and inform the Government that we must build airships in large quantities. It is no use being an island "compassed by the inviolate sea" if Germany can freely sail the very violate air above us and scoop in all our foreign trade. It seems that a German airship can leave Berlin on a Monday morning, travel to a heathen country, dispose of its cargo of gin and beads at top prices, and get back home in time for church on the following Sunday. Before we can reach the heathen with our ten-knot-an-hour tramps, business will be done for the season, and all the pieces swept up. A Government that has its doubts about gambles in Premium Bonds ought not to be taking such a very gambling chance as this.

❀

THE aeroplane is, of course, all right, but it has not the cargo-room of the airship. With an airship you can not only take to market merchandise by the ton, but you can bring the gold back with you, and any other trifles of value that it seems to you the heathen ought to be able to do without. (N.B.—This is genuine.) The science of aeronautics is now so highly developed that it is no longer imperative that a man should make his will and set his worldly affairs in order before taking a journey by airship. When the airship no longer stands up to be shot at, as it were, it is a safe and speedy means of transit and transport. It used to be said that the man who advertises is the man who gets the trade, but in future, apparently, the trade will be cornered by the man who can deliver the goods in record time. And for the moment Germany is, as you might say, the man on the spot.

THE PROFI-TEAR

"Alas! poor Yorick—I *did* him well"

❀

THIS must not be. The experts have said as much with no uncertain sound. If, after the war, we want to sell tea-cosies and foot-warmers to suburban residents in the Arctic Circle we shall find, unless we wake up, that after we have made a long and toilsome journey by sea and sleigh, a Zeppelin has reached the market before us, and has queered our pitch with an inferior brand of goods made in Germany. If we do not build airships of our own the Germans will come over here and get running powers for their Zeppelins. And while our own enterprising railway companies are advertising a seaside trip involving two hours and three changes, the Zeppelin will announce that it can take you from door to door in 20 min. 15 secs.

❀

WE must, therefore, build airships, not only for our own pleasure and profit, but also for the sheer joy of doing Germany down. In due course, no doubt, we shall have a gas attack of statistics to convince us that travelling by airship is no more dangerous than crossing the street, say, between the Mansion House and the Bank of England. And when the airship companies of the future start out to claim that by their method of transit you can enjoy fresher air than you find on the Underground, it seems to me that they will sweep the opposition off its feet.

❀

NO doubt when the aerial omnibus comes into general use there will be some sort of King's Rules and Regulations respecting the conduct of passengers by air when they are hovering over a crowded city. A jovial party of Bank Holiday aerial trippers might cause a good deal of discomfort here below by recklessly jettisoning the "empties" for which they have no further use. Besides, they tell me that the commonest sensation in air travel is that experienced by indifferent sailors at sea, and—but that is, of course, another story.

The Fallen Star

"Time was, laddie—and not so very long ago—when the whole house rose at me—women fawned on me. And now—Pah!"

The Bystander in Paris

THE LEGS OF THE ALLIES

"We shall all look like your Highlanders"

MESSIEURS—

WE have noticed quite often of late, my sister Lucile and I, how those of you who are fighting in our dear country and come to Paris on leave are interested in the beautiful boots of the ladies and our little shoes. They are worth admiring, are they not? I know how dear they cost and even the laces—there was a friend of mine who had a *filleul*, a lieutenant, a Scottishman with a little *jupe*, and she wanted one day to buy laces. He was so funny, her Scottish *filleul*. He laughed so because she spent very long choosing the kind she wanted, and then when the little bill came he said, in his funny English: "Eight francs. Golly, I thought laces were tuppence a pair!"

⁂

I AM quite certain, though, that he did not think it so expensive when she let him lace up her boots. She is very nice, my friend, and the *filleul* she had before got himself married to someone else. I am sure the Scottish man liked the boots, so well laced up, when he had finished tying the bows. My sister says it is not really our shoes, but the little more that you admire, messieurs. I wonder! Yet what are we to do, we who obey the *consignes*, the rules that the Government makes. There is the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne. Last year it said we must not have more than five and a half métres of cloth for our costumes. And now it says we are not to have more than four and a half. It is a national economy. The soldiers need the nice warm woollen cloth to keep them warm in the winter; and so we are sacrificing a whole métre from our costumes. Do you not think it is nice of us, and this year, too, when there will be so little coal? My sister, Lucile, who is so tall, says we shall all look like your Highlanders if the war lasts much longer.

⁂

BUT, messieurs, it was not of that that I began to write. I was wondering, do you funny men, who look so close at our ankles, ever see that we ladies, too, can admire your *mollets?* You are so modest I do not think you do. You think we admire your little prickly moustaches, which we don't. You never think you have legs, except to run with. But my sister, who has studied at the Julien's, and knows about anatomy, says the legs of a man are worth noticing. It was this way we began our inquiry into the different legs of the Allies. One day Lucile stopped quite suddenly in the Place de la Concorde, and said: "Agnès, regard the legs of that English officer. How beautiful they are!" I said: "But do not stop here, we shall be killed within a hair by an automobile."

⁂

AND yet she stood watching, and then followed him all the length of the Rue Royal, saying: "How he is exquisite! What grace of line! *Jamais, jamais* have I seen such legs!" I was so embarrassed, for she is headstrong, and I thought she might be so forgetful of our

(Continued on page 444)

". . . . and takes photos in the street"

PASSED BY CENSOR

A FEW IMPRESSIONS BY A MILITARY ARTIST

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Once we saw two walking together . . ."

position as to speak to the man with the beautiful legs. But, luckily, Edouard, our cousin, came and rescued us from her infatuation. Edouard is a *beau garçon*, and I have thought sometimes that Lucile admired him. But what do you think she said when he left us? "Our Frenchmen are too wide round the hips, like women. The English are so much slimmer." I am *surtout* patriotic, and I did not at first like that, so I said: "But they are stronger in the big muscles. They stand more square." For so long we argued about it; and when I argue my hair comes down, so Lucile said: "Do not let us argue; let us observe."

❋

IT is so fascinating. When we were little girls in the country we used to collect ferns and wild flowers and put them in a book, and the nuns told us their names, but now we collect assorted legs and write down what we think of each kind. Lucile has planned it out so well. We have tables of all the nationalities, and there are ever so many here now in France, but we do not count the *kabyles* and Annamites. It is a very great work. Lucile has even got a little camera, and takes photographs in the street. She wanted to make measurements, but that I could not allow. "Such an exact science," I said, "is not for ladies." One can observe, for example, without measuring, that the Sammies are thinner in the upper part than the British, and that our own *poilus* are stouter. There is ever so great a difference, too, in the way they place their feet. The Americans put theirs down so straight and the Belgians put theirs right across the clock. The Scotsmen are so funny. They have two kinds of legs. Some are so long and others are so low. Once we saw two walking together, and we nearly forget our manners and laughed aloud. One was like a little bulldog and the other like a Borzoi. The knees of the big one were nearly the same height as the waist of the other. We always wonder how these Scotsmen are not cold. Once Edouard put on a kilt, and came to show himself to us, but he took a cab and an umbrella because he said he felt it was not quite nice to go in the street so *décolleté* below.

❋

I LIKE best the Australians, because they walk so well. Their legs are like the English, and they swing them more from the top. But Lucile says that the English are the best because they are finer in the bone and have so "cute" curves at the knee. She says they are the best legs of all for a boot. There is a compliment, messieurs! I wonder if, when you come to Paris, you will be so polished as to think so well of us.

Your French friend,

AGNÈS

"At the Julian's"

In Galicia

THE NAVY'S AIRMEN DOING AN OVERLAND STUNT

These R.N.A.S. officers are shown reconnoitring with Russian officers in Galicia, only a few hundred yards from the German entrenchments

A fine open country for the airman is Galicia. No cramping hedges, and only about one tree per dozen square miles, while the rolling downs afford plenty of space for a forced landing. The R.N.A.S. and Russian airmen are the greatest thorn in the side of the Germans in the Eastern theatre

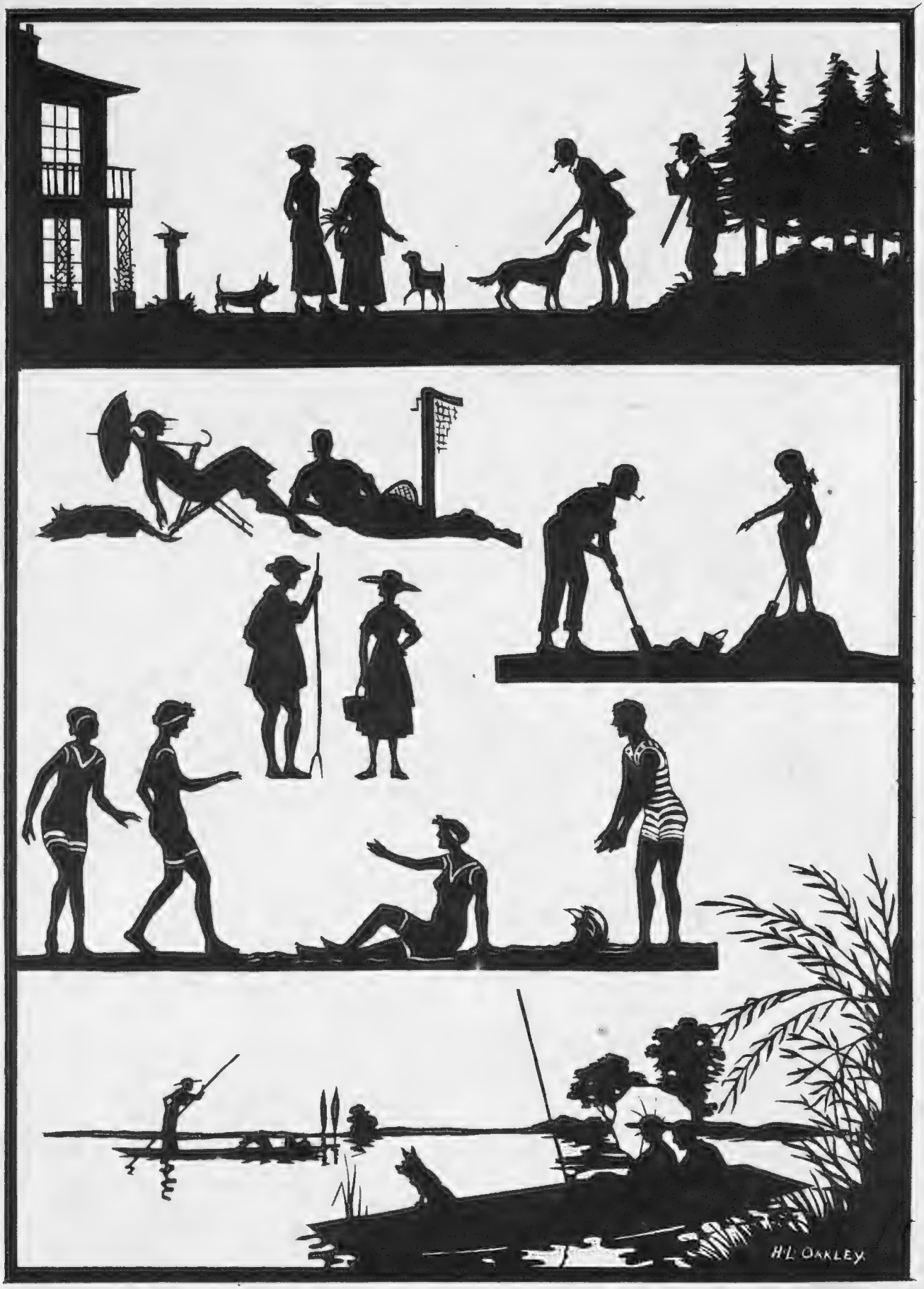
Subalte

PASSED BY CENSOR

ON LEAVE IN TOWN

Ten days' leave is not very long, and the subaltern tries to crowd into the time as muc
the old days what with lighting and eating restrictions, and he is glad to get away for a f
subjects beside air-ra

n Stunts



ON LEAVE IN THE COUNTRY

variety as possible. In London he finds things very different from what they were in
v days into the country or by the sea where people seem more sympathetic and talk of other
s and bread rations

BY LIEUT. H. L. OAKLEY

Not Cross and Naughty

Photograph *Clive Holland*

—But Going to Bathe in Smiles and a Silver Stream

A charming snapshot of an up-river holiday maker. Owing to air-raids Father Thames seems to have come into his own this year, great numbers of holiday makers having forsaken the coast for Maidenhead and other up-river beauty spots

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"COOK," AT THE "KINGSWAY"

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by Norman Morrow

THIS is a story of the homely, humorous kind that usually enjoys much popularity. It is built on the framework of the typical French farce; but its substance is of strictly correct English material throughout. Everybody is intensely respectable, and the one man of the company who stays out all night can produce evidence on the highest authority to prove that he spent the time in the cells at the police-station for the very excusable offence of punching an objectionable person on the nose. So that's all right.

* *

THE feature of the play is the acting by Mr. Randle Ayrton of the part of a dreamy, absent-minded Socialist named John Parable. Mr. Parable does unconventional things, and takes the unusual for granted in such a simple, innocent way that even his most severely proper friends find it hard to be angry with him. He is a man, for instance, who up to the age of forty has taken his work for the Cause so seriously that he has never had time for the lighter relaxations of life. But which of us can hope to escape his destiny? One evening Mr. Parable was sitting on a chair in the park thinking up points for an impromptu speech he was expecting to deliver, when a beautiful young lady came and sat beside him and beamed upon him with a soft and inviting eye. (Order, please!)

* *

IN his dreamy, absent-minded way Parable next found himself on the floor of a dancing-hall, treading a measure with the fair unknown, and admitting to himself that he was having the time of his life, and didn't care who knew it. At the height of the fun an entirely unnecessary person stepped forward and declared that the lady in the case was his sweetheart. Obviously Mr. Parable could not allow his fun to be stopped by a farcical claim of that sort, and so in his absent-minded way he knocked the fellow down, and was quite pained to find himself given into custody on a charge of assault and battery. At the police-station he had the cleverness to give a name that was not his own, to avoid bringing scandal to the Cause; but the name was that of a friend who was only a journalist, and as a journalist is expected to be a scandalous person anyway, no harm could result from the playful subterfuge.

* *

ON his return home Parable is surprised to learn that his lady friend of the night before is his new cook. As social inequalities do not exist for a man of

(Continued on page 450)

"COOK" AT THE KINGSWAY

his profession, he decides to follow up the charming acquaintance so auspiciously begun. It is only fair to say that the cook is quite a nice little thing (charmingly represented by Miss Irene Rooke), and not one of those elderly, inflated persons that usually rule the kitchens of the suburbs. Parable decides to go to his country cottage for a rest, and he tells Cook that she must go with him. His reason is the perfectly simple one that he delights in her society. The humour of this situation would, of course, be differently handled in any French version of the story; but as dealt with by Mr. J. K. Jerome it is innocence itself, and extremely amusing at that.

⁂

THERE is, to begin with, a very conventional chaperon in the shape of the resident housekeeper of the country cottage, so there is no question of anything irregular in the rural trip. Then, again, although Parable has come to the cottage for a rest, there is such a constant stream of visitors that he has not the leisure even to take Cook's hand in his and drop into the sentimental for a moment. Besides which, Cook is a young woman with a strong sense of duty, and with every fresh arrival she gets up from her place at the table and puts on her cap and apron, prepared to dance attendance on the new visitor.

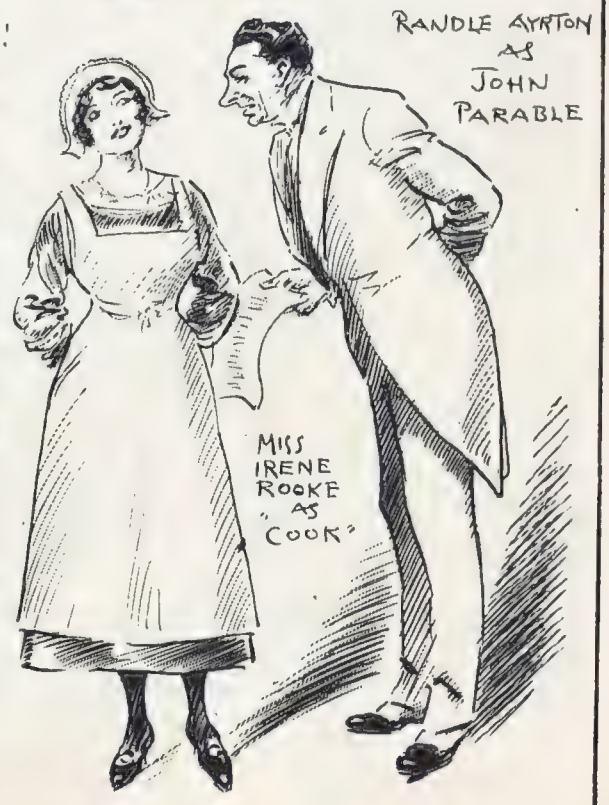
⁂

MUCH of the fun of the piece arises from the animated discussion as to who is to suffer the penalty of fourteen days' imprisonment, which is understood to be due to Parable when his case for assault and battery comes up for judgment. The incriminated journalist strongly objects to being a martyr to the Cause, and it is painfully obvious that so distinguished a leader as Mr. Parable cannot attend to troublesome details of this sort himself. Besides, there is Miss Bulstrode, a masculine young lady who has decided to marry Parable so that she may shine in the reflected glory of the leader of the Cause, and see that a second cup of tea is always ready for him in case he should incline to such dreadful extravagance in these economical times. Miss Bulstrode cannot, of course, have her hero's name associated with a brawl that involves a mere cook; but whatever course Parable may adopt it is pretty certain to be the unusual and the unexpected.

⁂

IT is thus clear that, in skilful hands, a trip to a week-end cottage *à deux* can be made as innocent a diversion as the most exacting can desire. The dialogue is, for the most part, on a level with the simple directness of the story, and is full of quaint repartee that keeps the house steadily amused. Perhaps it is overdoing the humour a little to allow one of the characters to hang his hat on the dainty head of a lovely marble bust, but I suppose if there is a demand for jokes of this kind supply must dutifully step into line. *Cook* is a bright, amusing play which should appeal successfully to a considerable section of the public.

JINGLE

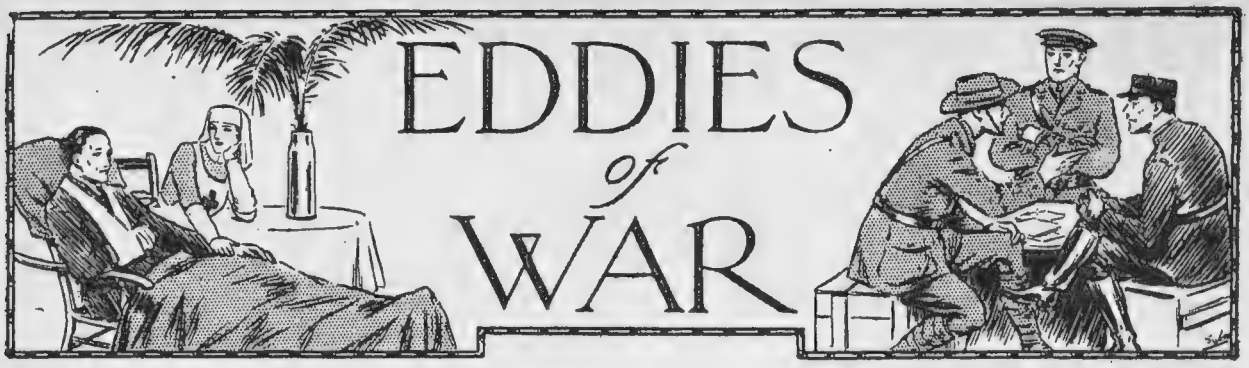


Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 9

Unit commanders all should know
Headquarters, and the way to go

PASSED BY CENSOR

OFFICER: "Can you tell me where headquarters are?"
SENTRY: "They was 'ere, sir, not two minutes ago"



CENDRA.

BY DELL LEIGH

IT had all turned out as they had longed for, but never expected. Léon had written again and again during those first terrible weeks "*tu verras, p'tite, nous y serrons.*" But Cendra's blithe little spirit had been momentarily crushed, and she could picture nothing in the German uniforms, which brushed against her all day long, but a greyness, an opaque pall of horror and beastliness stretching on through the years—for ever. Cendra, you must understand, had been living for seven years on the mountain-top of success. Through the dark valleys of the fifth-rate *cafés chantants* she had sung and talked her way up towards the glare that beats upon the thrones of producers. One such had cast his eye upon her; taken her up, "discovered" and advertised her; and her unique talent saw to the rest. Paris had taken her to its fickle bosom, had rocked with joy at her famous "*Jour de Fête*"; cried vehemently and without restraint at her half-whispered monologue, "*Les Choses qu'on oublie,*" and large contracts now waited impatiently for fulfilment in all the enlightened capitals of a sated Europe.

⁂ ⁂

THEN Léon came, and with Léon the war. There never had been a man like Léon, whose touch upon the piano was soft as leaf caressing leaf in a breeze; whose smile was as the sudden sun from clouds. And, as lovers, they had drunk to the full of her success together. In the Café du Soleil Brussels had brought them to each other, and in the Café du Soleil they would meet again, "*tu verras, nous y serrons*"!

⁂ ⁂

AT Antwerp she was singing when the Colossus of Indignity fell headlong upon that city. Léon was with her, and, being Belgian, was snatched from her there. Summoned by fate from the dim expanse of the very theatre while she sang, and nothing but a note scribbled on the back of a programme and thrust hastily into her dressing-room. "*Ils ont besoin de moi, chèrie.*" He had known hours before; but, manlike, could not face the parting—and had gone.

⁂ ⁂

HER art left her; her voice forsook her; her inimitable gestures became a mockery, and she gave up the battle. Her manager shrugged his shoulders, and permitted himself no speech beyond a disgusted "*Enfin, que voulez vous?*" To Brussels she had drifted, dazed and lonely. Paris and the Folies Bergères, as yet unmoved, called shrilly for her by every post. But as the brave little army staggered back and ever back before the dead weight which pressed upon it, she, too, went back, praying that some eddy would wash him into her open arms.

THEN Brussels fell. Belgium was no longer safe. She was too lovely, and too famous. But he was there, somewhere out on those cold, flat fields, and she stayed on. They had nearly all gone long ago, her compatriots, telling her she was a fool and that there was, at any rate, Paris—Paris the invincible, with the English in front of it—"*bah, vous êtes imbecile*"! And Cendra smiled, and stayed, waiting. They made her sing, these Germans, but otherwise they left her alone.

⁂ ⁂

HE had come back. Pale and filthy, he had walked straight into her flat that morning. The details of his escape from capture and of his journey back through their lines she scarcely heard while she clung weeping to him. But a certain calmness ensued by evening, and the Café du Soleil knew them once more, he clothed and clean At first she was terrified for his safety, and implored him not to go; but he had allayed her fears. Was not one Belgian like another? What notice would they take? And it was as he said. The place was full of Germans, full. But they became engrossed in each other, and saw not the greedy eyes opposite that seldom left her face.

⁂ ⁂

SUDDENLY, when Léon had leant forward and whispered an endearment, there was the grate of a chair behind, and a burly German lurched across, and he, too, leant upon their table, his face close to hers. Léon scarcely knew what followed. He sprang to his feet, cursing, caught the up-tilted chair, and swung it. The big German fell: that was all. And then they seized him, five of them. But Cendra? Watchful friends, in the turmoil that followed while Léon fought and glasses crashed, hurried her to the door. She ran through the rain, with a terrible fear gripping her. Back in the empty flat with his dirty clothes of the morning lying on the floor of her room, she gave way. It had come, the end! But not the end they wished. No! There was always the quick escape, the safeguard she had kept always ready, in case. They would shoot him to-morrow—*bon*: then she also would go. And she opened the little bottle and drank.

⁂ ⁂

THEY had broken in, the *patron* of the Café du Soleil and the head waiter. They had shaken her as she sat hunched up in the big chair. "*Madame, reveillez-vous*, all is well. He is in Brussels without leave, that German. It is *he* who will be punished, madame, we have it from the Chef de Police Militaire; *je vous jure, madame, parole d'honneur, madame—reveillez-vous, je vous en supplie.*"

But poor Cendra slept on.

THE WAR COAT

NIGH three years now since British officers were first afforded coat-satisfaction, and officially recommended to secure it in "The Thresher."

Nearly 18,000 British officers took the 'tip,' and, by virtue of its sterling worth—its perfect protection, its comfort, its practicality—the "Thresher" is more in demand to-day than ever.

And better to-day than ever, for the new

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impenetrable, imperishable, pliant, uncrackable—is the finishing touch to the acknowledged paragon of campaign coats.

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152 & 153 Strand, London, W.C.

By Appointment to H.M. the King

Shrapnel Pars

THAT legendary "conference of financiers" at Berne is now said to have been held "to decide that the war doesn't pay." Can it be that those who believe in it have been deceived by a kind of illusory vision of (Norman) Angells?

TRUTH from a Hun paper at last! "Germany," protests the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, "will be ruined without indemnities." Quite so. Germany will certainly be ruined; and she will not less certainly be without indemnities.

THE "increased activity" lately reported from Kiel seems to have been due, after all, to the usual periodical scraping of barnacles from the bottoms of the High Seas Fleet.

THOUGH the Lord Chief Justice is among those who complain of not receiving their ordered supply of winter fuel, he should remember that the Judicial Bench has the benefit of a Cole-ridge all to itself.

THE Englishwomen with German husbands who are asking for legal relief are entitled to some measure of sympathy. It must be no joke to find oneself married and Hun-married at the same time.

NO wonder the Government threat to commandeer Kennington Oval is resented by all lovers of the national game, who are unanimous in describing it as "not cricket."

"TAKING my place in the Cabinet," says Mr. Barnes, "was one of the most odious duties ever imposed upon me." This is a terrible war!

AN Italian statesman says that Peace, like fruit, should not be gathered till it is ripe. German statesmen say that if you want to "cook it" it must not be too ripe.

THE people of Grays, in Essex, have been looking for angels of peace. Probably they misunderstood the song of the sirens.

EDUCATIONISTS are asking: "What is a 'little piecer'?" Sounds like Ramsay Macdonald, doesn't it?

THE Berlin municipal authorities have prohibited bathing. This is how they mitigate the horrors of war in Germany.

MR. BALFOUR has assured us that all truth ought not to be told at all times. But just a word of truth sometimes—what?

"WITHOUT caution and reticence," says Mr. Balfour, "domestic life would be impossible." He must have been discussing life with the Bishop of London.

APROPOS of the removal of the Ladies' Grille, it is suggested that, being no longer caged, members should perform on Mappin Terraces.

"AMERICA," remarked the Kaiser to Mr. Gerard, "had better look out after this war." Well, America is looking out, is looking after this war, and is very much better, thank you.

POTATEGGS

Brown's astonishing dream after finding a hen sitting among his maincrop potatoes

STAR TURNS. IV. MUSICAL COMEDY.

The Super-Nut Addresses the Beauty Chorus:

"GIRLS! *Don't* come along with me to Oola-loo-la!
I shan't want you on my private desert-isle
I have met you all for weeks
With the 'make-up' on your cheeks,
And your toothy picture-postcard brand of smile.

"Girls! I pine to be *alone* at Oola-loo-la,
Out of reach of 'bits of fluff' in frills and tights;
I have learnt with deep dismay
From the booking-clerk to-day
That this Show will run another hundred nights.

"Girls! I beg you *not* to sail to Oola-loo-la,
I'm fed-up with your deceptive little ways.
Though you cluster at my calls,
Your hard hearts are with the Stalls,
And you all make 'goo-goo eyes'—because it pays!

"Girls! Don't dare to come along to Oola-loo-la,
Lest I brain you on the beach, without regrets.
I'll sit tighter than a clam,
Quite contented with a Yam,
And a boat-load of Abdulla Cigarettes!"

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS

A Situation

By HOLLOWAY HORN

THE table between the two men spoke of an excellent supper come to its appointed end. Success, always a more subtle intoxicant than alcohol, had left its mark on them, and both had found life good.

"It's a winner, laddie," Murray said, "a gilt-edged winner." His face still had the fresh look which recently removed grease paint leaves.

"It seemed to go fairly well," the other agreed.

"Go! It *flew* . . . two hundred nights, if I'm a judge of a first show."

"I'm afraid you speak with the exuberance of the profession," John Playfair replied with a smile.

"I should hate to take things as beastly coolly as you do, anyway," the actor complained.

Playfair returned no answer for a moment. His hair was tinged with grey, and there was that in his mobile face which made women, and even men, remember it.

"I didn't always, my dear Murray!" he said.

"But your stuff has always been successful."

"Not quite. You don't remember a play of mine which Russell produced at the old Pallada? *The Woman Over the Way* it was called."

"'Fraid I don't."

"No. I don't suppose you would. It's years ago now, and it failed because my 'prentice hand had made a part which no woman could reasonably be expected to play. Among other amazing things she had to do was to break into a man's room and recover certain papers. The actress we got did her best, but she fairly rolled the whole thing in the mud. Anyway, it deserved to fail."

Playfair noticed the actor smile.

"Yes," he admitted; "I know we always blame the actor when things go wrong, but in the case of which I speak it wasn't all my fault; but, bad as the play was, one of the most interesting situations I have ever been in arose from it. Care to hear the yarn?"

The actor nodded.

"Well, it fell out like this," Playfair went on. "The wretched play had been running about a week, and it seemed fairly certain that it wouldn't last a second one. The critics had simply torn it up, and for once in a way they were right; but you can quite understand that I was horribly disappointed. On the night I'm going to tell you about I got back to my rooms with a complete fit of the blues. In those days I had a tiny flat just off the Haymarket, and my only servant was a woman who did for me generally, but who was never there after six or so in the evening. I don't think I've ever been more lonely than on that night as I let myself into my empty flat; but the moment I crossed the threshold my mood left me. I knew in a flash I wasn't alone. I heard no sound, but I had an uncanny feeling that someone was near me. You know, perhaps, how one can *sense* another's presence in a dark room? Well, that was it. I wasn't frightened—I think because of the hopeless mood I had been in—and although I was certain someone, or something, was in the hall, I crossed to my study and switched on the light as if I had noticed nothing.

"The room was empty, but one glance sufficed to show me that something was very wrong. My desk, in the window opposite, had been forced open, but what riveted my attention was a pale biscuit-coloured cloak which had been thrown over a chair by the side of the desk.

"I crossed the room and picked up the cloak; it was faintly scented, and soft, and I was standing with it in my hand when I heard a voice behind me. Swinging round I found myself looking into the barrel of a revolver, held by one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen."

"Your luck was in, my boy," the actor put in, with a smile.

"Was it?" Playfair replied. "Have you ever faced a revolver held by a woman? It is a most terrifying experience, and usually the revolver goes off."

"But this one didn't," he went on after a pause. "She was about the coolest woman I have ever stumbled across. The hand which held the revolver never trembled. She just stood, framed in the doorway, looking at me. I can see her white arms and shoulders now, with the darkness of the hall behind her."

"An effective entrance!" the actor commented.

"Quite, but her appearance was the only dramatic thing about the lady. Her eyes were on my face—she had very beautiful eyes—and she asked me whether I liked her cloak. Fancy the situation, my dear chap. Alone in my rooms at two in the morning, and then quietly asking me if I liked her cloak!

"I was too surprised to reply, and stood gazing at her, and at the revolver.

"'Won't you say good evening?' she asked with a smile. 'You seem surprised to see me.'

"With that she came into the room and sat down in my chair still holding that wretched revolver tightly in her hand.

"'Won't you sit down?' she asked. 'You don't seem a bit comfortable standing up.'

"I did so. I think I gathered courage from her coolness, and I made some remark in the bantering spirit she had used. She laughed, and announced that she was a burglar and that I had interrupted her work. An amazing situation, my dear chap. Imagine a beautiful woman talking coolly to me at that hour, and remember there was the revolver."

"Rather a fly in the ointment, that revolver!" observed Murray.

"It was at that moment," Playfair went on, ignoring the interruption, "that my scattered wits became sufficiently collected to receive an idea, and I suggested that I should make coffee. I had one of those machines with glass bowls, and I remember her watching my movements carefully as I lit the spirit lamp underneath.

"She laughed lightly as she took the cup from the tray I held out. I sat in the chair opposite to her and drank my coffee. Then I leaned over to replace my cup on the tray, and as I did so I flung myself on the revolver, which she had rested on the arm of her chair as she drank. It fell to the floor, whence I recovered it.

"'Now, then, my lady,' I said, 'what about it?'

"'It's mean of you,' she complained. 'It isn't sporting.'

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(Continued on page 460)

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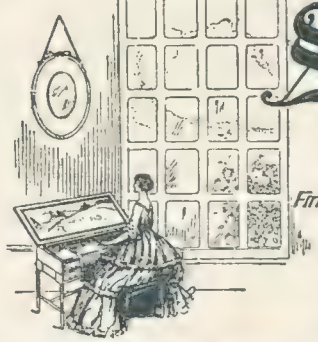

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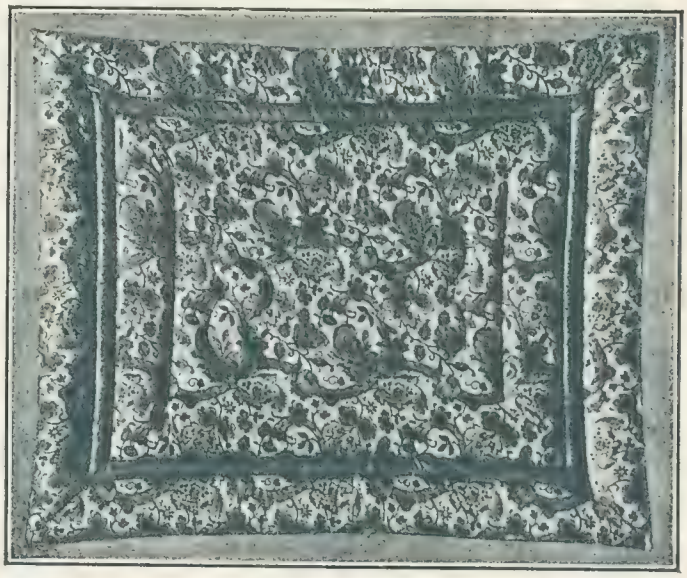

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"A SITUATION" (*concluded*)

"She spoke as coolly as if she had been in her own drawing-room. There was the merest trace of annoyance on her face, otherwise she showed no emotion whatever."

"The fly disappears from the afore-mentioned ointment," the actor said, with a smile.

"Not at all, that's where you go wrong, my boy. I said she was cool! She looked up into my eyes, and her face rippled over with a smile. 'And so you really thought I was a burglar, Mr. Dramatist?' she asked. 'Well, I'm not. I'm an actress. I saw your play last night, and the girl who plays 'The Woman Over the Way' is simply letting you down. I chose this means of demonstrating to you that I am the woman for the part, and now your meanness has spoilt everything.'"

"What was her name?" the actor put in, sharply.

"Never you mind. I was impressed, I can tell you. She saw it, and she consolidated the ground she had won. 'If you look through your desk, Mr. Playfair, you will find that it has not been touched. And the revolver is, fortunately, unloaded; I see you don't know how to handle it, so it's just as well. Here is my card.'

"She gave me an address in Kennington.

"'May I call on you in the morning at the theatre?' she asked. I pointed out to her that business was not done that way, and that in all probability it would be difficult to get rid of the lady who was playing the part, but she had a way with her, and in the end I told her she might call.

"She thanked me with perfect self-control, and then she rose to go. My dear boy, she was It! I helped her into her cloak, and I held her bag—a soft blue leather, I remember—while she put her gloves on. At the door she turned, like a queen, and held out her hand to me. I think the romance of the whole thing must have gripped me, for I bent over her hand and kissed it. She laughed lightly—she had a wonderful laugh—and then I took her down and put her in a taxi. And that was the last I ever saw of my beautiful visitor."

"But she turned up at the theatre, surely?"

"She didn't. That's the sting of the whole thing. When I got back to my study—I remember how oddly empty it seemed without her—I found that the desk had been rifled. Most of my money had gone, and several articles of value with it. They must have been in the bag she asked me to hold as she put her gloves on. A great woman, my dear Murray! The whole game would have been up if I had taken her at her word and examined my desk, for I should have seen she was a thief. But she said it so magnificently that to doubt it would have been boorish. What an actress was lost in that woman!" Playfair sighed almost comically.

"She was very beautiful, you said?" asked Murray.

"Beautiful! She was *the* woman. And I have never seen her again."

"But you kissed her hand!" Murray said, with a smile. "You kissed her hand, remember!"

"It's a pity you are so cynical," Playfair said seriously. "Cynicism kills romance!"

To which remark the actor made no reply. He merely filled the other's glass—which was wise.

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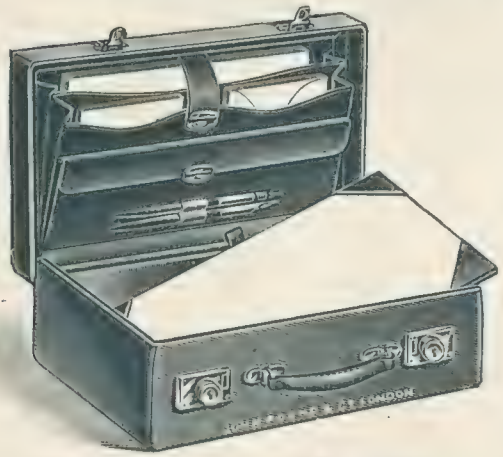

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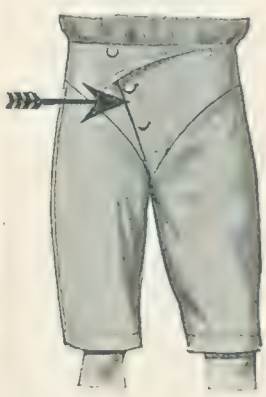

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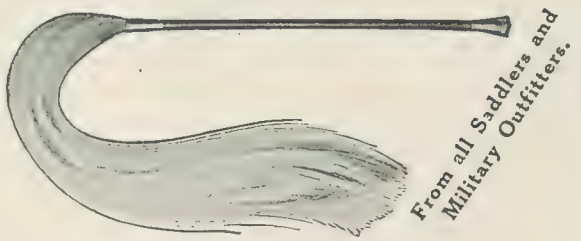

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"What did you do in the great war, daddy?"
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Books *of the* Week

A FOOT-NOTE TO HISTORY

Gallipoli

EVERY ship, from the *Queen Elizabeth* to the *River Clyde*, that never-to-be-forgotten old buffer-boat known locally as the "Dun Cow," which took part in the Dardanelles Expedition, should have her own story to tell of those marvellous days. In *The Immortal Gamble* (A. and C. Black: 6*s.* net), Commander A. T. Stewart and Chaplain the Rev. C. J. E. Peshall attempt to show just what part—and it was a large and most honourable part—H.M.S. *Cornwallis* played. The *Cornwallis* was sunk early in the present year, but for a "middle-aged battleship," as the authors affectionately call her, she had more than done her duty. It was she who opened the first battle of all, and it was she who enjoyed the joke of seeing her own and the Turkish fire descend together on to the stores which had to be burnt at the time of the evacuation. With the Censor's pencil, still unappeased, in mind, the authors have managed to write a most moving and succinct account; and, where necessary, their pens have been supplemented by others well competent to deal with such operations as they did not witness themselves. And over the whole book, brightly written and illustrated as it is, there is that particular cheeriness and devotion for which the Senior Service has always been known. You may think what you will of the gamble itself as a proposition of war: about the deeds for which it was responsible there can be only one opinion.

COMMANDER A. T. STEWART, R.N., AND THE REV. C. J. E. PESHALL, R.N.
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"House-Mates"

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(Continued on page 466)

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

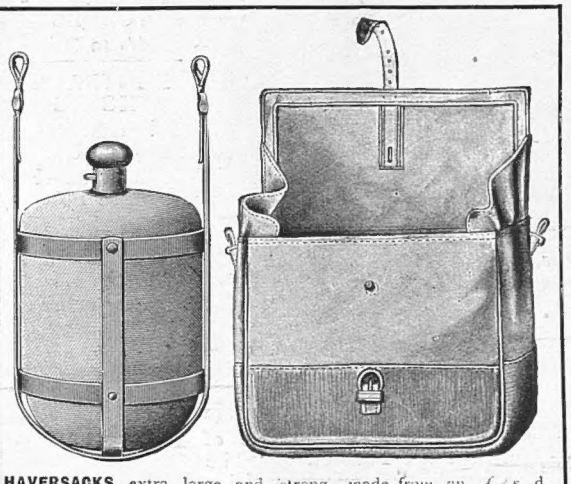
by the police, neither the persons whose acquaintance he makes nor the course of his relations with them takes the ordinary path. Wilfrid Hornby's house-mates, to say the least, are odd. Mr. Pferdminger, the landlord, is not over nice. To-day I hope he is safely interned. Nor is his lodger, Rose Whiting, who comes to a quite shocking end, more desirable. And Helen Binstead, with her queer attempts to keep Wilfrid from her friend Judith, is not a character which many novelists would care to portray. But Mr. Beresford treats of an unpleasant incident in a particularly clever manner. Wilfrid, after a little bout of starvation, succeeds, and you are glad to hear of it, yet you may wonder at his creator bringing the narrative fully up to date. The last chapter, however, is, I suppose, necessary. The war has begun to tyrannise over fiction, and as the earlier chapters are carefully dated, its entry was demanded. An interesting story with a moving and rather terrible "third act."

MISS MARIE HANCOCK

A charming young American soprano, whose singing of ragtime melodies at the Coliseum has been much to the taste of big audiences. Miss Hancock is still in her teens, but has, nevertheless, previously played a leading part in "The Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre

A Detective Story

Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I fancy, never visited India in a professional capacity. Otherwise he might well have undertaken the solving of the mysterious disappearance of a boy of which Miss Marjorie Douie has to tell in *The Pointing Man: A Burmese Mystery* (Hutchinson: 6*s.*). The head of the local police was obviously at sea, but a member of the Secret Service happened to visit him, and took up the case. The story is interesting and well-devised, and for a first essay, to be highly commended. You cannot, perhaps, help thinking that Mr. Holmes would have been rather speedier than the half-native detective, but that is no reason for your not enjoying Miss Douie's story. R S.



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